YOE COMICS
IDW

#60

Popeye®

• Classic Comics •

POPEYE

FETCH THE BALL!

THE RETRIEVER

THAT'S THE GIRL ... NICE DOGGIE!

GOOD DOG... HERE'S A PIECE OF CANDY!

FETCH IT!

?

GOOD DOG... HAVE A PIECE OF CANDY!

!

FETCH IT!

GET THE BALL!

?

?

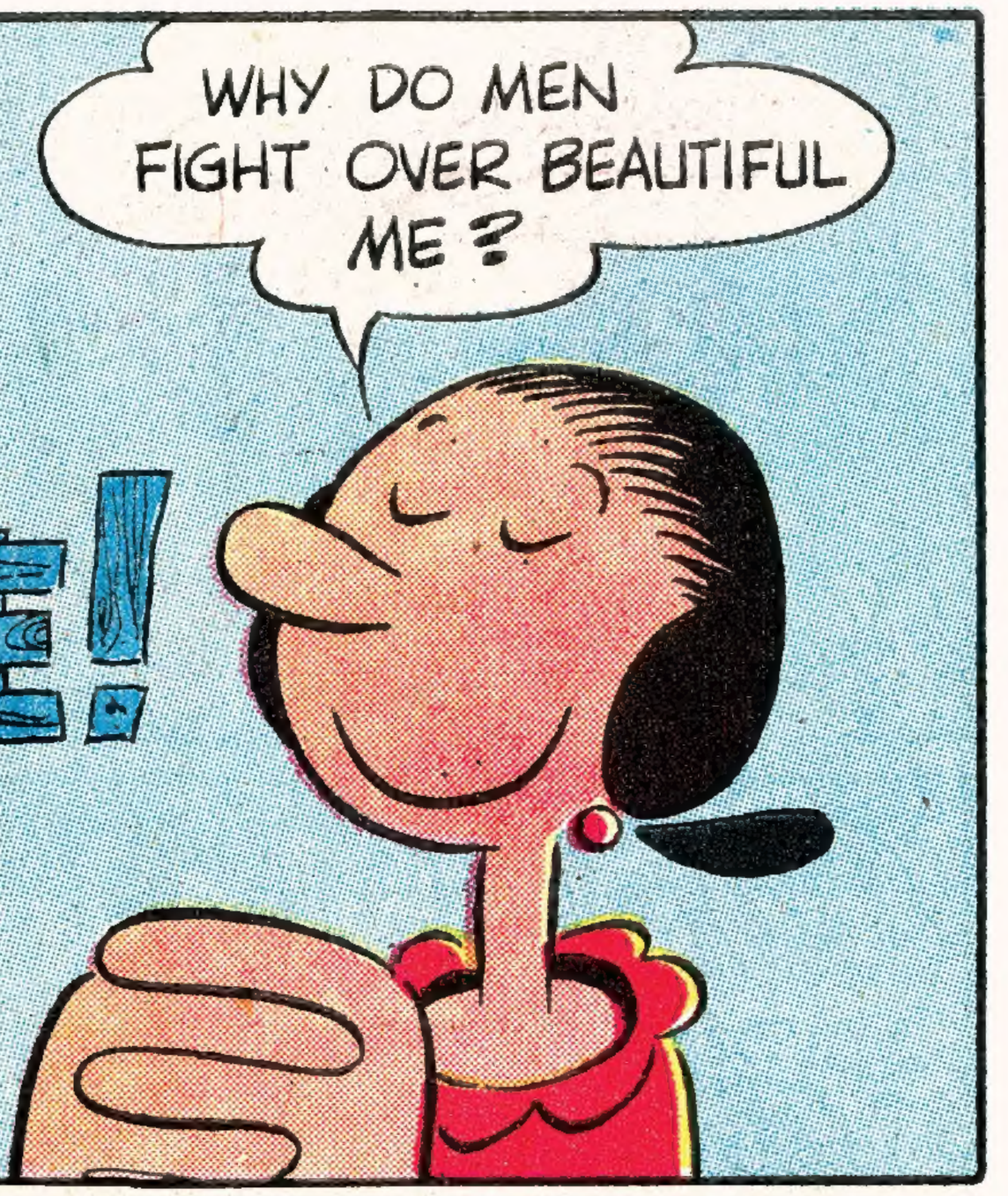
?

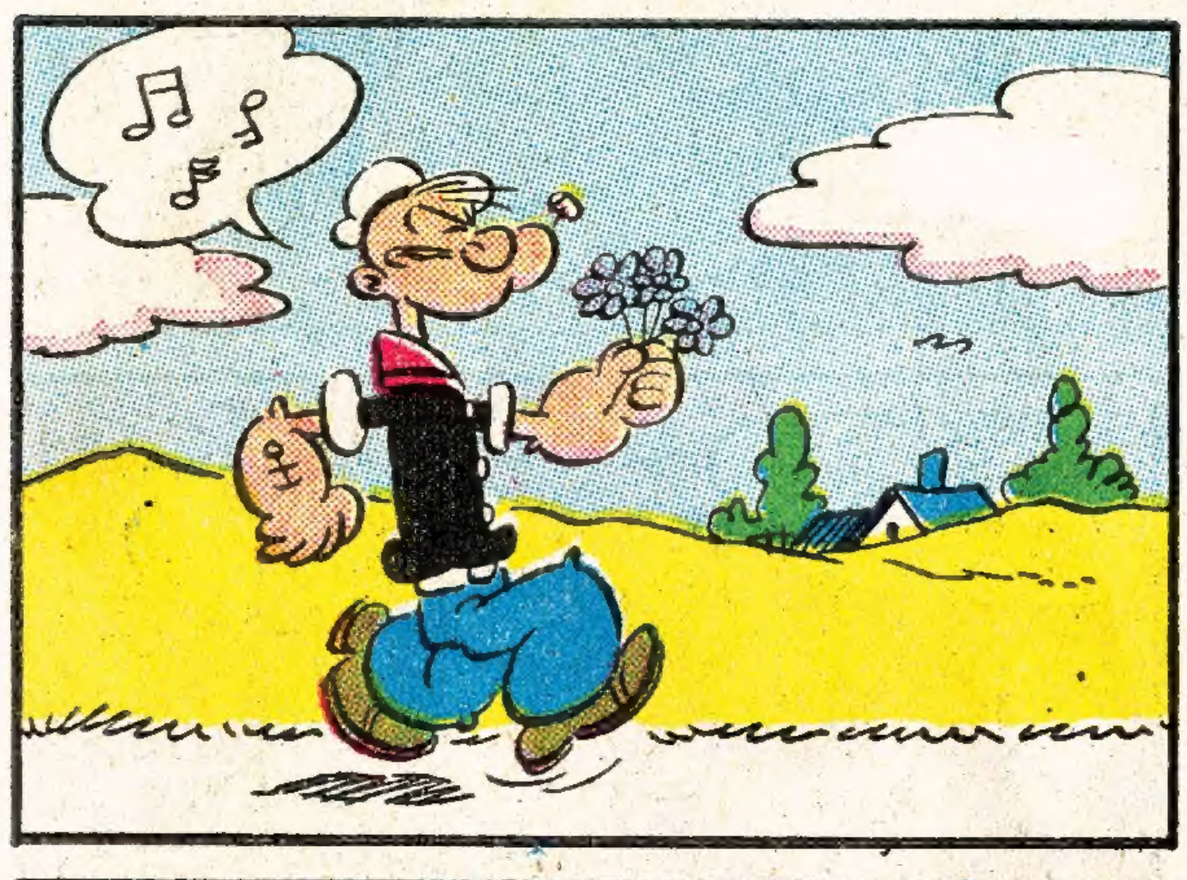
?

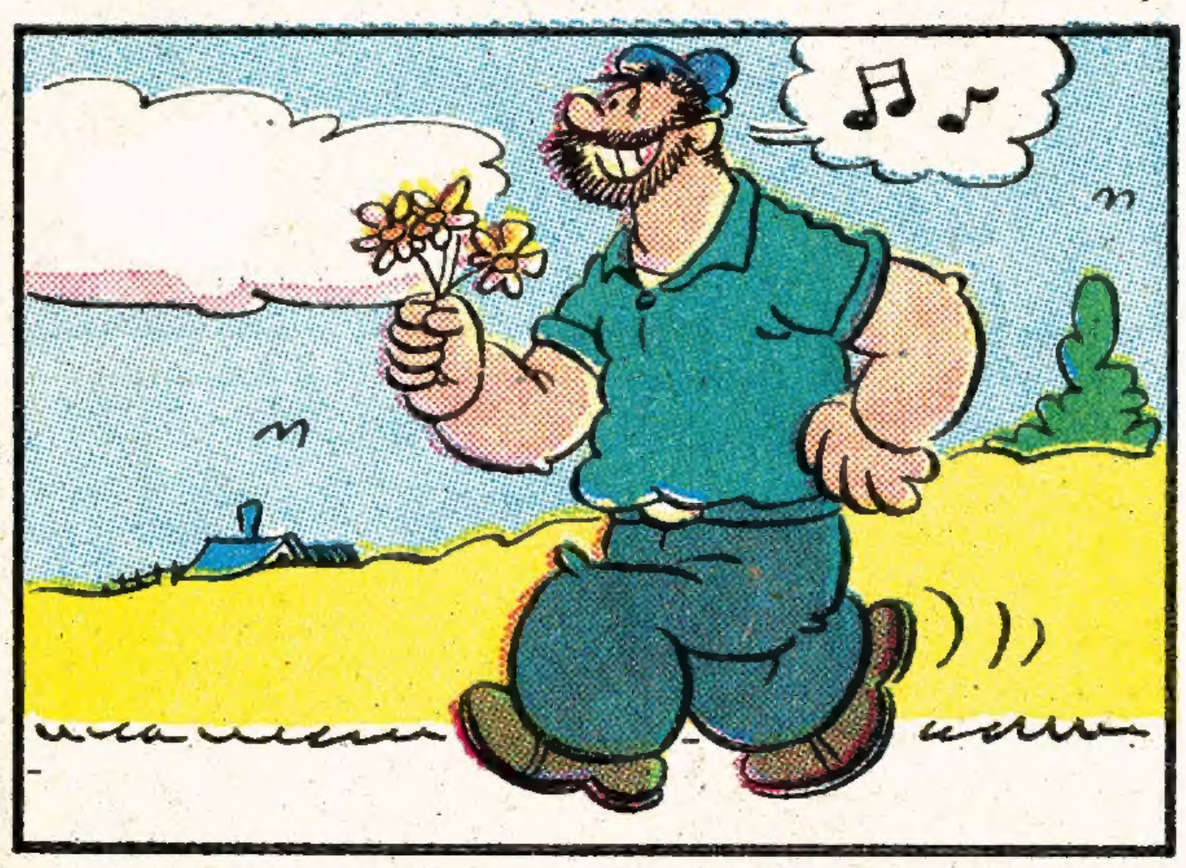
BOSHELL

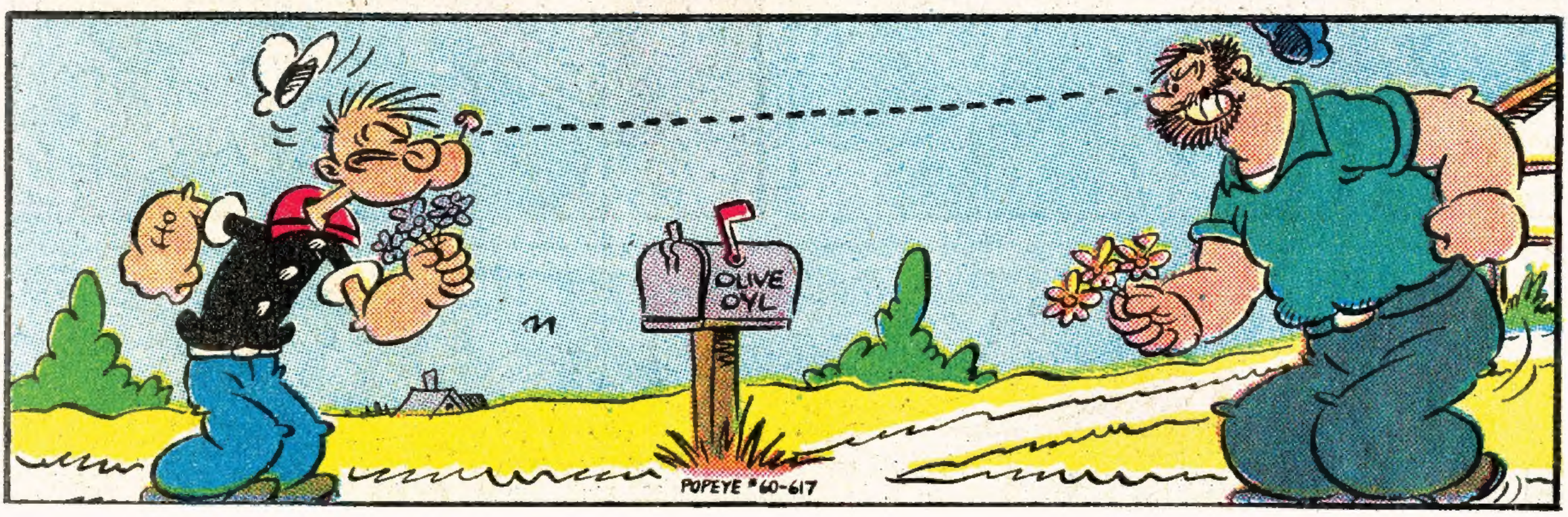
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS POPEYE THE SAILOR IN THE FENCE!

By BUD SAGENDORF









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WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

I HAS COMED TA ASK ME SWEETY OLIVE TO GO TO THE SEAMAN'S BALL WIT' ME NEXT WEEK!

WHA'S SO FUNNY?

?

?

HA! HA!

HA!

HA!

HA! HA! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, SHORTY..... I'M GOING TO ASK HER TO GO WITH ME!

NO SENSIBLE GIRL WOULD PICK A SHRIMP LIKE YOU WHEN SHE CAN GO WITH A MAN LIKE ME!

I DOES NOT LIKE ME NOSE TWEAKED!

POW

BOYS! BOYS! STOP IT!!

POW! SMASH!

IF YOU SMASH EACH OTHER, NEITHER OF YOU WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE ME TO THE DANCE!

?

?

SHE IS RIGHT! IT IS SILLY TO BUST EACH OTHER UP!!

HM? BUT HOW WILL WE DECIDE WHICH OF US IS GOING TO TAKE HER?

WE COULD HAVE A CONTEST!

A CONTEST?

?

A CONTEST WOULD BE WONDERFUL! I LOVE CONTESTS, ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M THE PRIZE!

I FEEL LIKE A LOVING CUP!

WE WILL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING WHERE THERE WILL BE NO DANGER OF US HURTIN' EACH OTHER!

?

SOMETHIN' HARMLESS!

WHEEee!!

I HAVE A WONDERFUL IDEA!!

?

?

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A FENCE FROM THAT ROCK TO THIS TREE!! YOU BOYS CAN BUILD IT FOR ME!

?

BLOW ME DOWN !?! WHERE IS THE CONTEST IN THAT ?

I'LL SHOW YOU !

-TWENTY-SIX, TWENTY-SEVEN-

THERE! HALFWAY BETWEEN THE ROCK AND THE TREE!

?

?

NOW POPEYE CAN START AT THE ROCK AND YOU AT THE TREE!! THE FIRST ONE TO BUILD HIS FENCE TO THE STAKE WINS!

SWELL!

BANG

ON YOUR MARKS- GET SET-- GO!

OH! THIS IS SO EXCITING!

GOTTA DIG POST HOLES FIRST!

(UGH!) THIS GROUND IS HARD!

I WONDER HOW POPEYE IS DOING? WHAT'S HE UP TO?

WHA-TH-- ??

?

ME POSTS IS ALL READY!

NOW I WILL PLANT 'EM!

!

AH!

OH! HOW CLEVER!

PLOP

PLOP

PLOP

BLASTID ONE-EYED SAILOR!

I'LL SHOW HIM!!

?

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK

HURRAY!! A STRIKE!

BONK!

NOW I'LL DIG MY POST HOLES!

I'LL WIND UP MY DRILL!

?

Wow!! LOOK AT IT DRILL MY POST HOLES!

BZZZZ

AH! THAT'S THE LAST POST!

BETTER GIT GOIN', SAILOR BOY!! IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK!

HA! HA!

POW

POPEYE!! STOP THAT!

STOP RIGHT NOW!!

POW!

BAM!!

THIS IS A CONTEST! NOT A STREET BRAWL! IF YOU HIT HIM ONCE MORE YOU'LL LOSE BY DEFAULT!

BUT--?

BUT--?

BUT?

NOW YOU TWO BOYS SHAKE HANDS AND AND GET BACK TO THE CONTEST!

PHOOEY! HE'S GETTING AHEAD OF ME AGAIN!

I'VE GOT TO SLOW HIM UP!

-ER- POPEYE, DEAR FRIEND----I HAVE A PROBLEM! I WONDER IF YOU WOULD HELP ME?

HUH?

LISTING, YA SWAB... THIS IS A CONTEST AND I YAM NOT HELPIN' YA!

(SNIFF!) BUT YOU'RE SO FAR AHEAD IT WOULDN'T HURT!

SNIFF!

OKAY! WHAT DOES YA WANT ME TO DO?

HOLD THIS LOOSE POST SO I CAN DRIVE IT IN!

HIT IT SQUARE SO YA DOESN'T SPLIT IT!

I WILL!

I WILL!

WHAT'S POPEYE DOING OVER THERE?

SLEEPING!

HE'S TAKING A NAP? BUT HE DIDN'T FINISH HIS PART OF THE FENCE!

I GUESS HE DOESN'T CARE IF HE WINS OR NOT!

HA! HA!

THE CAD!

GR-RR

HA! HA!

BACK

LOOK AT HIM!! (UGH!) HE DIDN'T EVEN WAKE UP WHEN I HIT HIM!

IT JUST PROVES HE DOESN'T LOVE ME!

I CAN'T TELL HIM WHAT I THINK OF HIM WHILE HE'S ASLEEP SO I'LL WAKE HIM UP!

BLUB?

BLUB!

I'VE GOT TO KEEP THAT SAILOR KNOCKED OUT IF I'M GOING TO WIN!

POW

?

?

OH, DEAR! I'M SO SORRY!
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THIS HAPPEN FOR ANY-THING!
I FEEL TERRIBLE, OLD PAL!
?
CRUNCH
I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK I DID THAT ON PURPOSE!
!
LOOK AT THE PRETTY BIRD, MISS OYL!
I GUESS I'M A SOFTY!! I LOVE OUR LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS!
POW
POPEYE WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! ALL HE NEEDS TO DO IS REST!
?
I'LL GO BACK TO FENCE-BUILDING!
BLOP
ARE YOU OKAY, POPEYE?
WHAT DID YOU SAY!
SPINACH!
OH! THAT'S A GOOD SIGN!
YOU'RE HUNGRY!

WITH THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR OUT OF THE WAY I'LL WIN HANDS DOWN!

HA! HA! HOW'S THE SAILOR BOY?

HA!

HA! HA!

OH, HE'S FINE! I JUST GAVE HIM SOME SPINACH!

HA! HA! HE'S FINE!

HA! HA!

HA! HA!

SHE GAVE HIM SOME SPINACH!

HA! HA!

HA! HA!

HA!

GULP!

OF ALL THE DUMB DAMES!

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

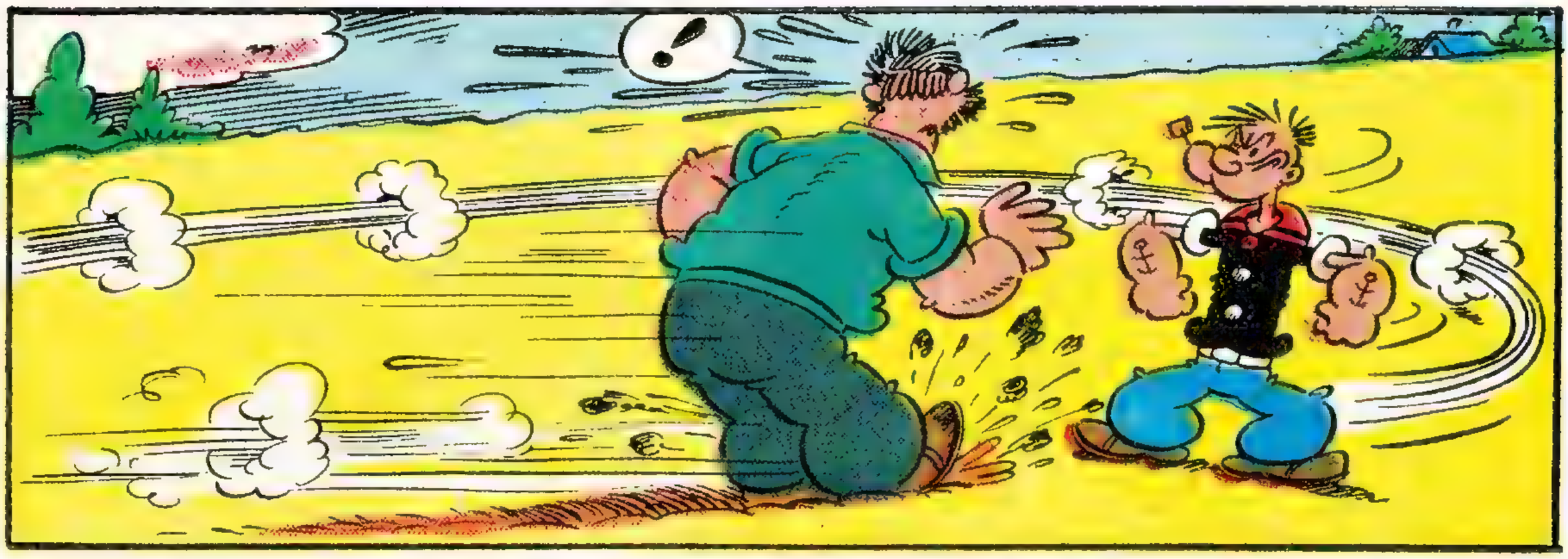
I DON'T LIKE VIOLENCE!

WHERE IS HE? WHERE'D THE SWAB GO?

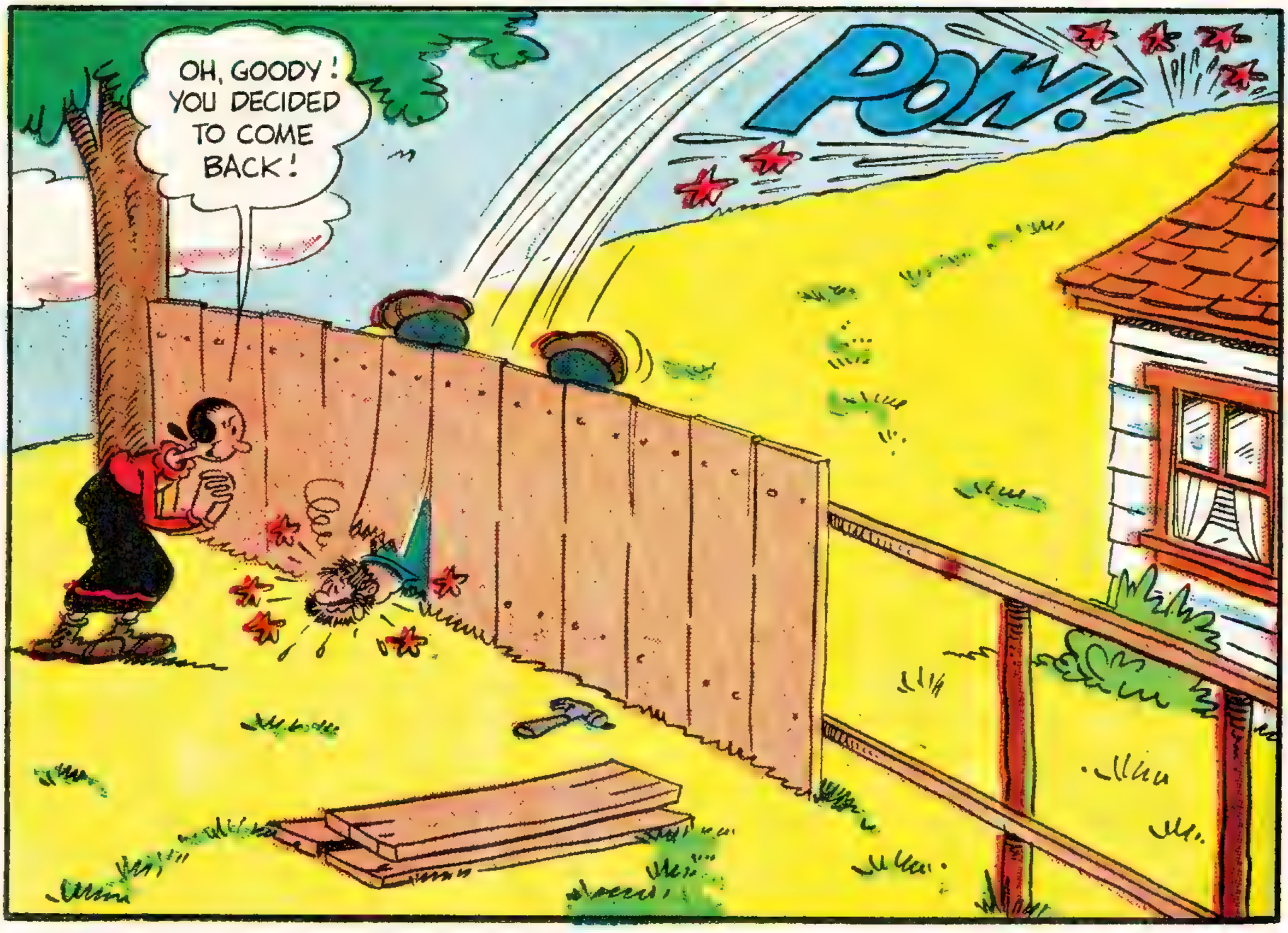
ER--I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE RAN OFF THAT WAY!

AHOY, YA SWAB!! WE HASN'T FINISHED OUR CONTEST!

GULP!



ER-HELLO, POPEYE!
WE IS GOIN' BACK AN' FINISH THE FENCE!
FENCE? WHAT FENCE?
?
GO BACK? GO BACK WHERE?
?
DON'T TRY TO PLAY DUMB, YA BIG SWAB!! I WILL SHOW YA THE WAY BACK!


OH, GOODY! YOU DECIDED TO COME BACK!
POW!

NOW TO THE FENCE!

I'LL JUS' LAY 'EM AGAINST THE CROSSPIECE!

THEY IS NO USE TO USIN' A HAMMER TO NAIL 'EM!

NAILS

POOF

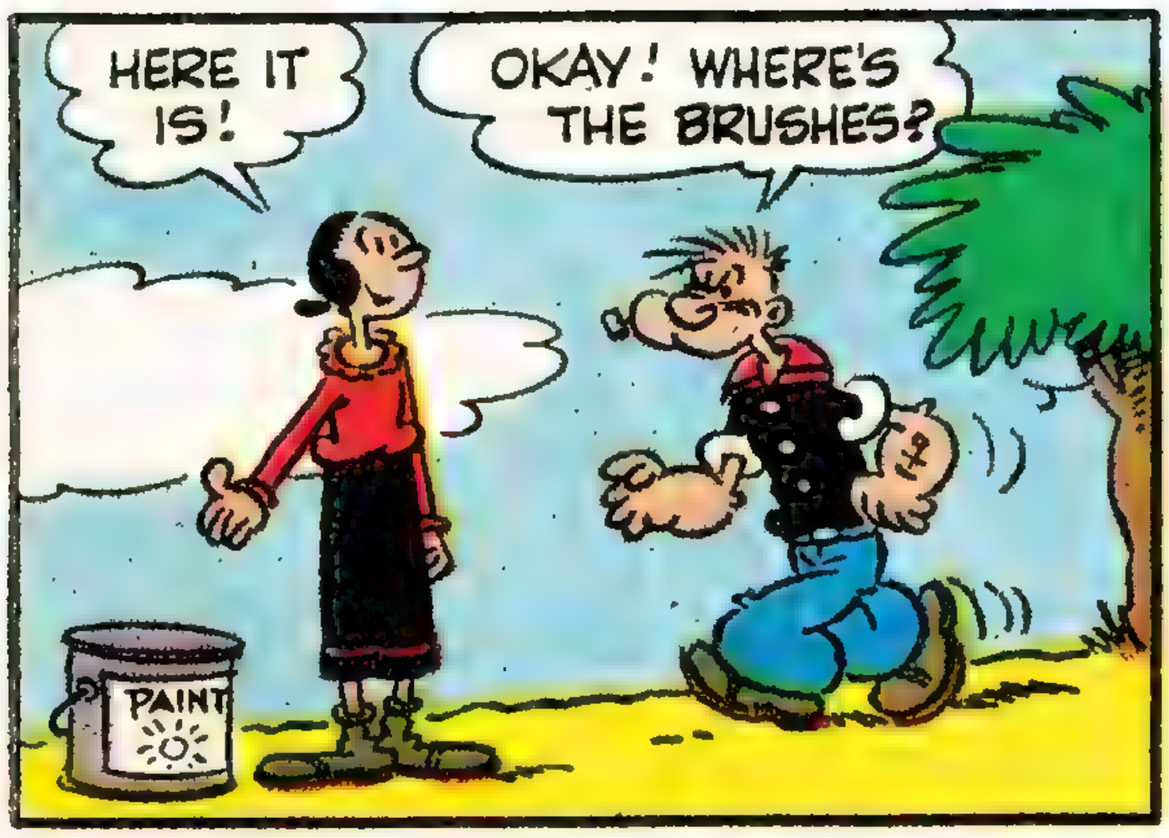
TUNK TUNK TUNK TUNK

I FINISHED BOTH ENDS OF THE FENCE SO I GUESS I WING!

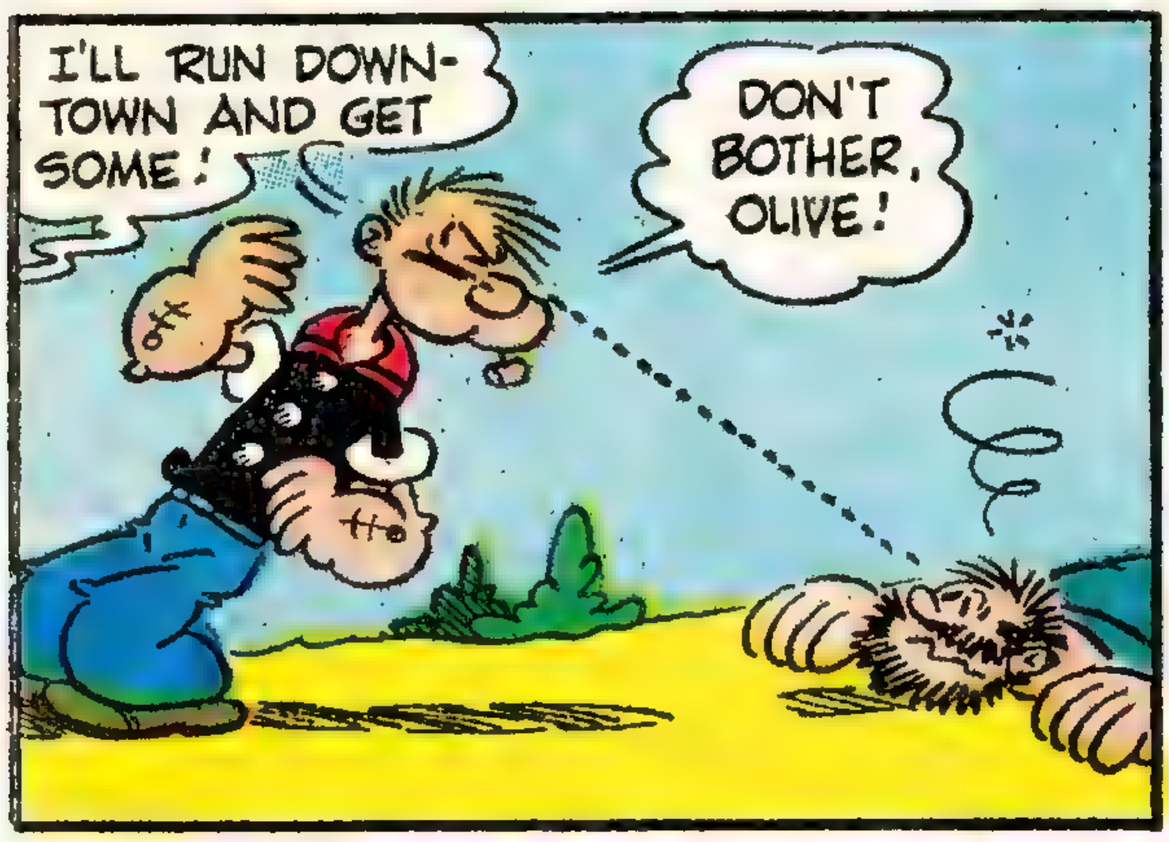
ER--

A FENCE ISN'T FINISHED UNTIL IT'S PAINTED!

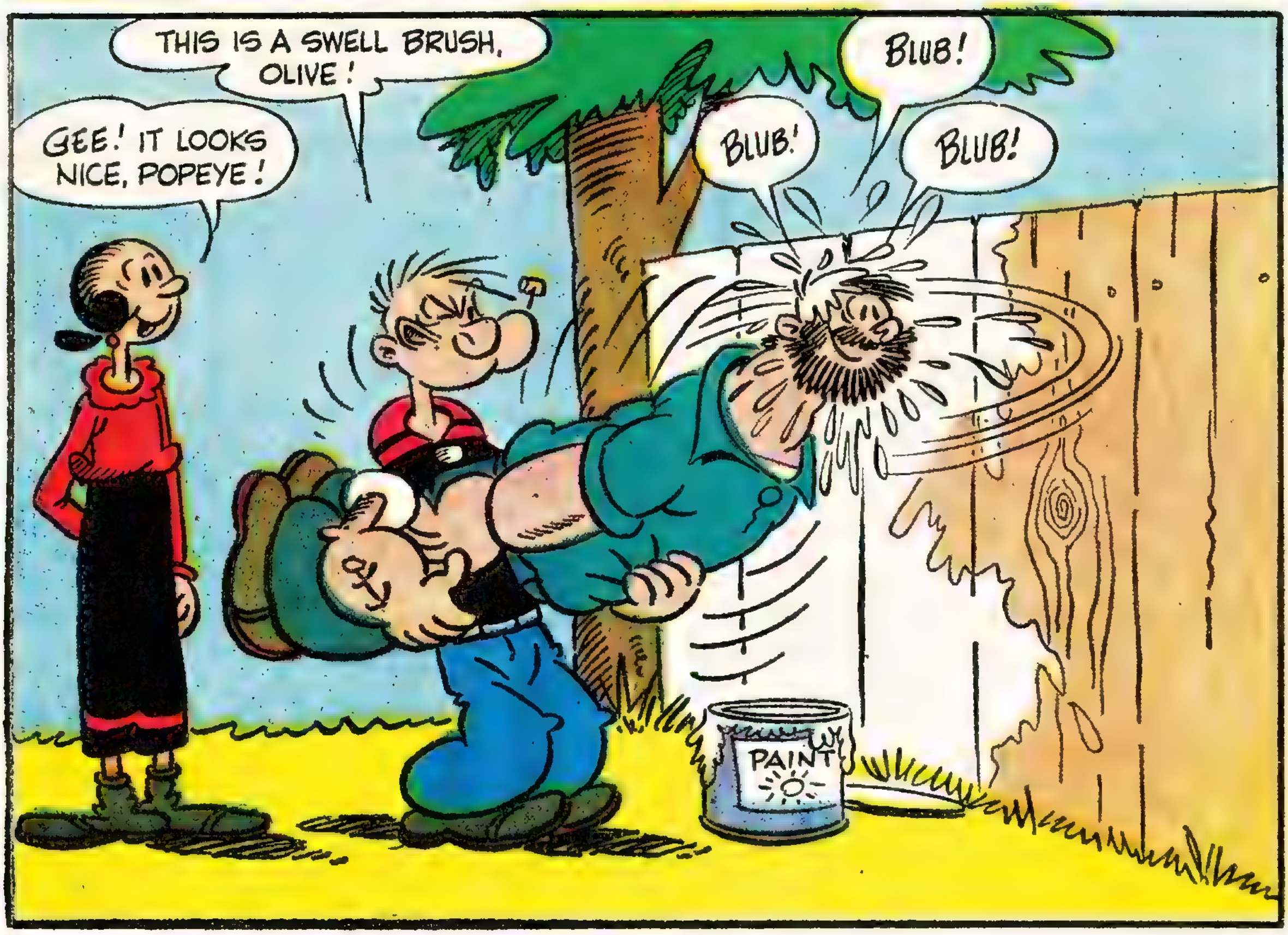
!


HERE IT IS!
OKAY! WHERE'S THE BRUSHES?
PAINT

BRUSHES?
BRUSHES?
OH, DEAR.... I FORGOT THEM!


I'LL RUN DOWN-TOWN AND GET SOME!
DON'T BOTHER, OLIVE!

POPEYE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I YAM PAINTIN' YER FENCE!


THIS IS A SWELL BRUSH, OLIVE!
GEE! IT LOOKS NICE, POPEYE!
BLUB!
BLUB!
BLUB!
PAINT

A fly buzzed lazily in the room where John Hardy and his Uncle Elmo were talking.

"I sure hate flies," John observed, "but, boy, I wish I could move around like they do. Nobody can walk up a wall the way a fly can."

A far-away look came into Uncle Elmo's eyes. "I expect I'm the only man in the world who ever accomplished it."

John stared in amazement. "You mean you can walk up a wall?"

"John, you've heard about the famous cliff walls in Yosemite National Park in Nevada?"

John blinked quickly, then said, "Oh, yes. I've heard of Yosemite National Park."

"One of those limestone walls is 1,430 feet high. Sheer rock—nearly as straight up-and-down as the walls of this room."

John blinked again. "I know they're high and straight, Uncle Elmo."

"Well," Uncle Elmo said impressively, "I walked right up the side of that Yosemite cliff wall."

"Clear to the top?"

"Right from the bottom to the top. Then I turned around and walked down again."

"But there's nothing to hold onto," John protested. "It's smooth rock."

"That's right. Nothing to hold onto."

"Then how'd you do it?"

"How does a fly do it?"

"I think he has kind of little suction pads on his feet."

"Precisely."

John stared at his favorite uncle who, at least to hear him tell it, had been everywhere and done absolutely everything. "You mean you put suction cups on your feet?"

"And on my hands and chin and knees and elbows."

John scratched his head. "It doesn't seem as though they'd be strong enough."

His uncle nodded. "A reasonable observation, John. Before my ordeal I underwent a strenuous diet and exercise discipline. I leaned myself down till I was thin as a Lincoln-split rail—and half my present weight."

"It still sounds a little exaggerated to me, Uncle Elmo, if you'll pardon my saying so," John said politely.

"In what way, boy?"

"Well, once your suction cups are stuck to the wall, you have to use a lot of force to get them loose to take the next step—"

"Oh, I anticipated that. I carried a lightly constructed air compressor on my back. Air valves led to the suction cups. I had the mechanism synchronized so that tiny blasts of compressed air blew the suction cups loose in relays as I progressed up the cliff wall—or down as the case may be."

John had been trying to hold his admiring laughter back for quite a long time. He couldn't hold it any longer. He laughed till the tears came, then said, "You made it sound so easy, Uncle Elmo. I would have believed you except for two mistakes you made."

"You mean I flubbed again?"

John nodded. "You said Yosemite was in Nevada. It's in California. And you said the cliff was limestone. It's granite!"

Uncle Elmo sighed. "Geography and geology always were my weak subjects."

POPEYE IN FISH?

HEY! THAT'S A SWELL IDEA!

I WILL DO IT!

BLUB!

POPEYE! SON! AHOY!!

POPEYE!! BLAST IT, SON... WHERE IS YA?

AHOY, SON!! I YAM CALLIN' YA!

CAN'T YA HEAR ME?

YIKE!

I CAN HEAR YA!! YA SOUNDS LIKE A MILLING TUGBOATS IN'A FOG! NOW CALM DOWN AN' TELL ME WHAT YA WANTS!

I YAM GOIN' FISHIN' AN' I NEEDS A **THOUSING BUCKS** FER BAIT!

WHAT?

BLOW ME DOWN!?! A HALF DOLLAR WILL BUY YA ENOUGH BAIT TO FISH ALL DAY!

NOT THE KIND OF FISH I YAM GOIN' AFTER!

I YAM GOIN' FISHIN' FER A MERMAID!!

A MERMAID!

WHEEee!!

ARF! ARF! ARF!

IT AIN'T FUNNY!

YA OL' GOAT, DOESN'T YA KNOW THEY AIN'T NO SUCH THINGS LIKE MERMAIDS?

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

I HAS BEEN SAILIN' THE SEAS FER ALMOST A HUN'RED YEARS AN' THEY IS THINGS THAT YOU YOUNG SAILORS DON'T KNOW ABOUT!

PHOOEY! THE YOUNG KNOW IT ALL! I'LL USE ME OWN MONIES FER BAIT AN' SHOW HIM!

ARF! ARF! 'AT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I HAS EVER HEARD!

I JUS' HAS TO GO TELL OLIVE!

-AN' HE IS GOIN' FISHIN' FER A MERMAID!

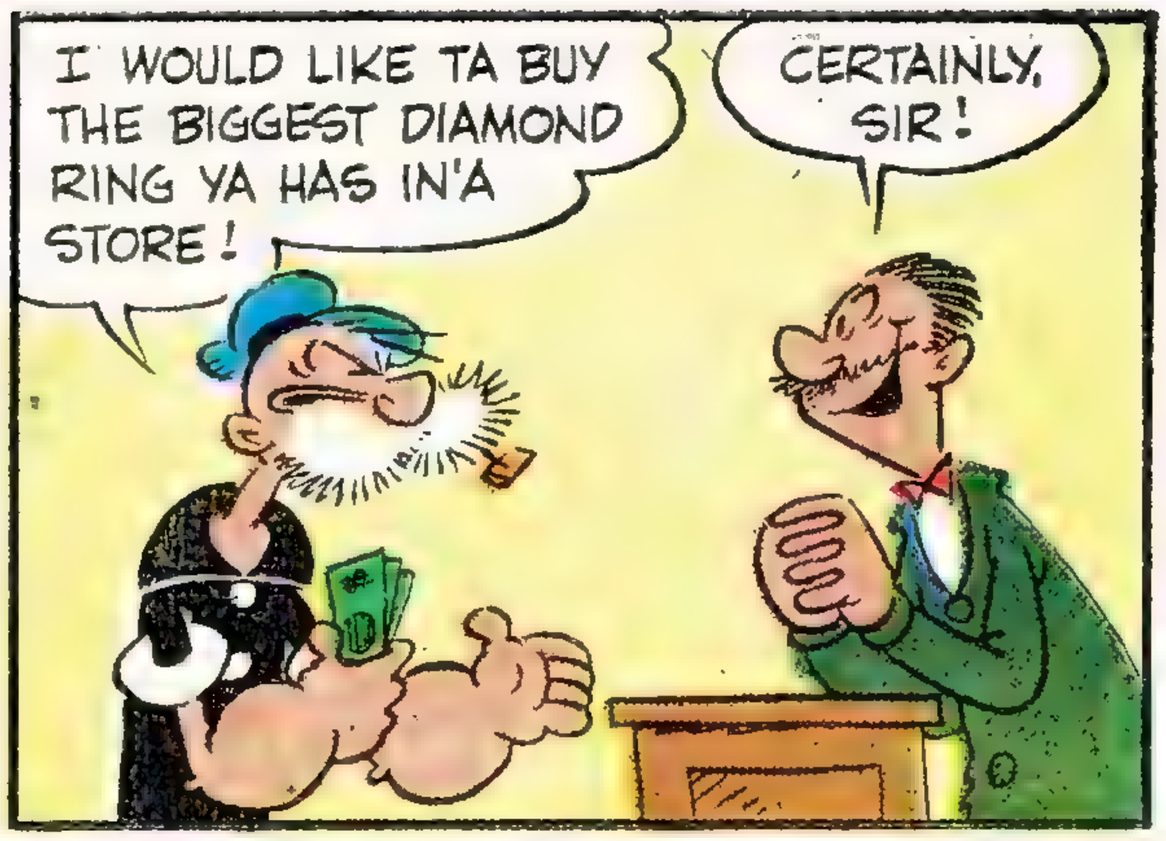
HA! HA! HA! THAT IS FUNNY!

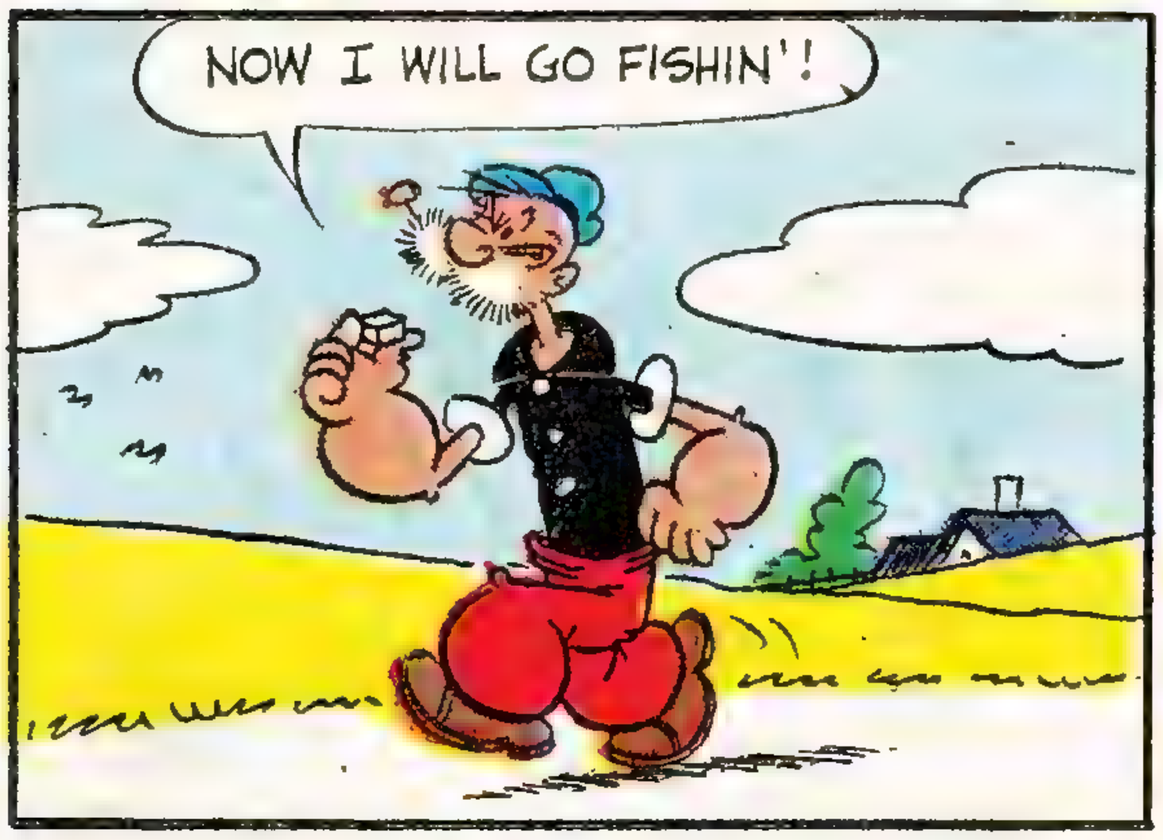
HA!

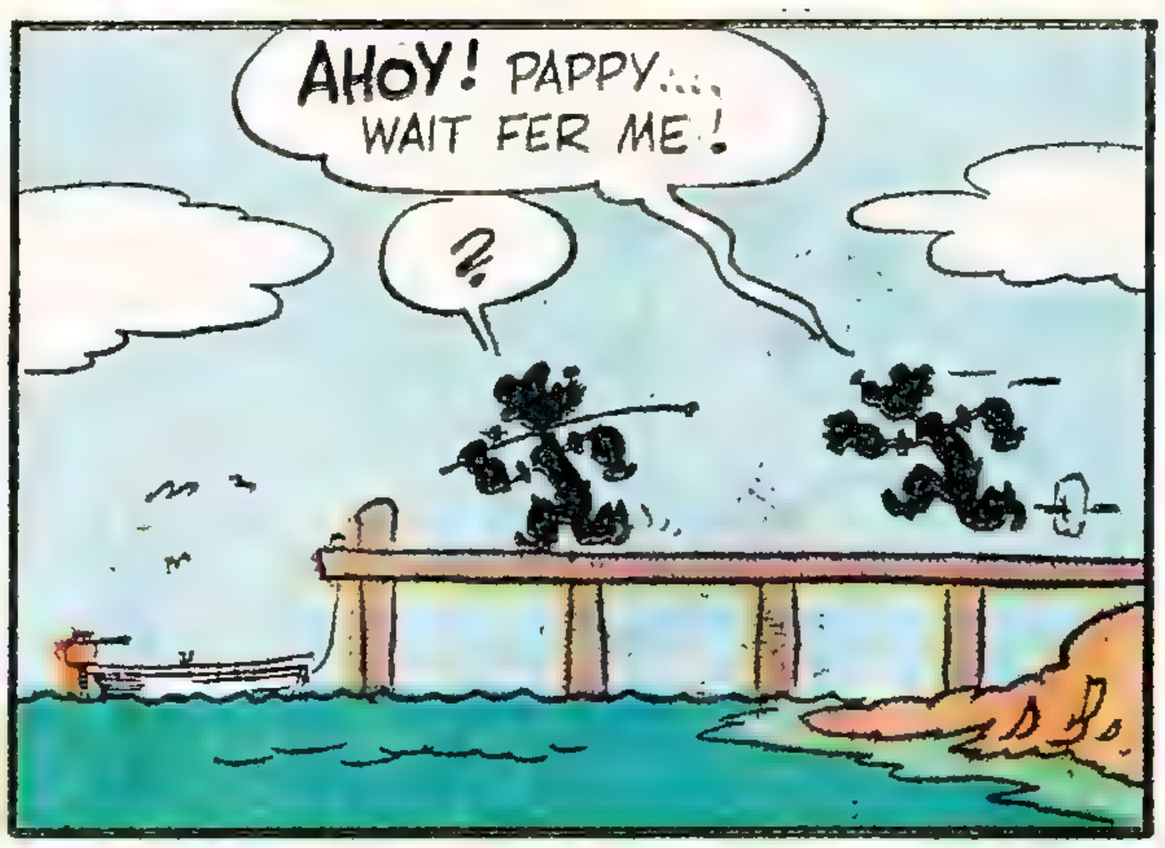
HA!

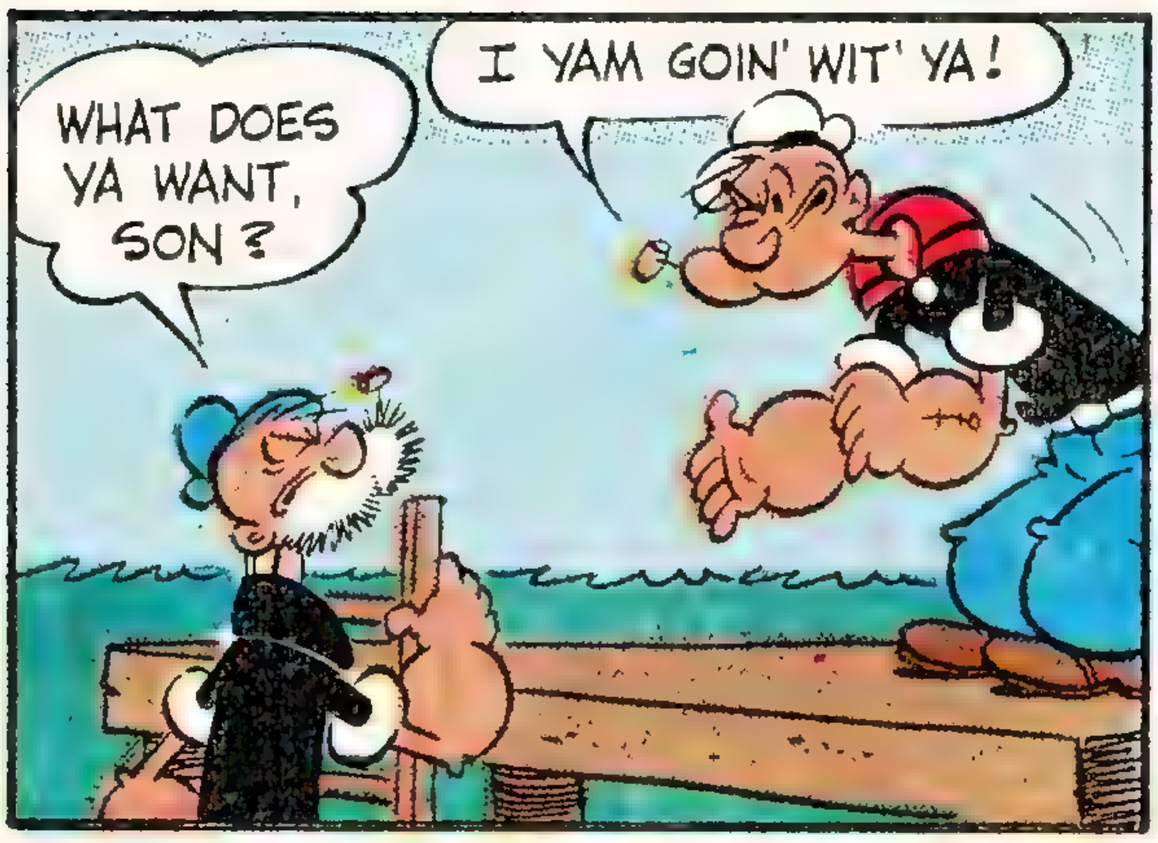
HE HAS SUCH QUAINT IDEAS!

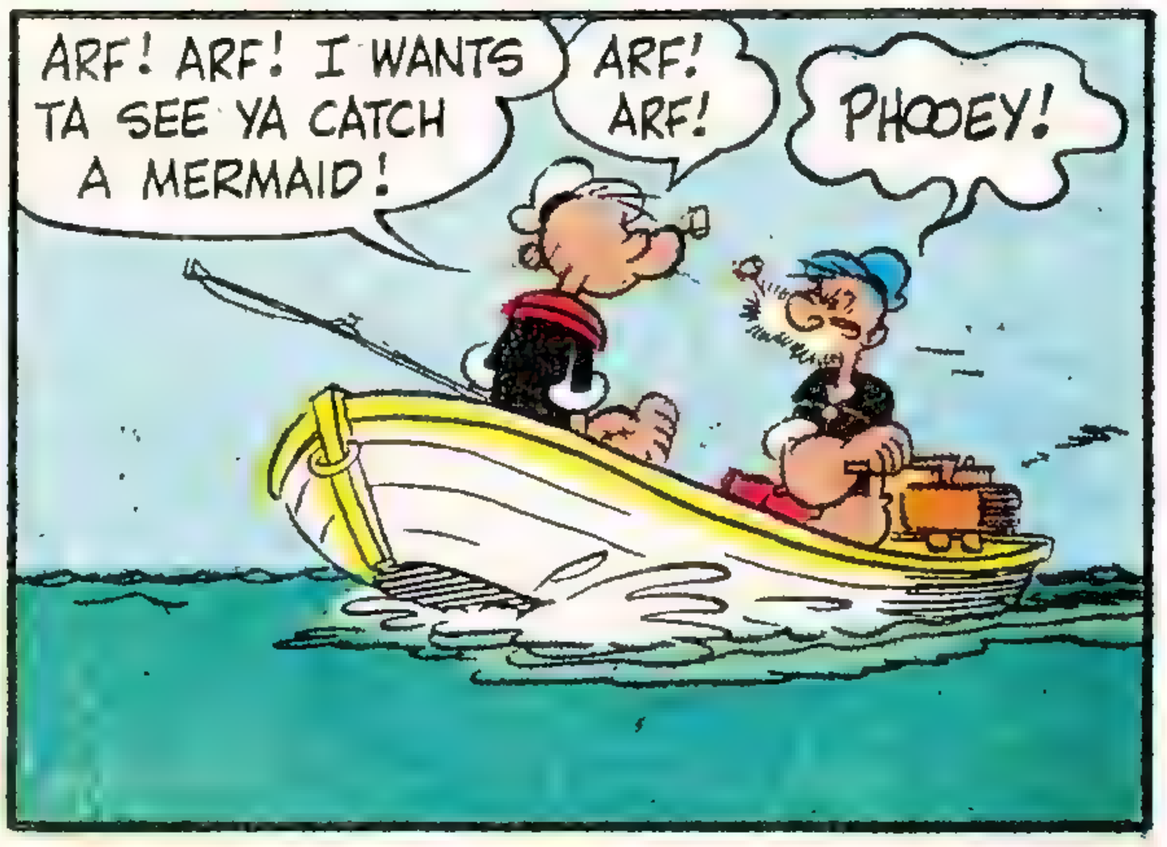
I DOES NOT LIKE TO GIT LAUGHED AT!
USED TIE CLIPS
TODAY'S SPECIAL
RINGS
JEWELS
CLOCKS
GEMS
CANDY
JEWELRY SHOP

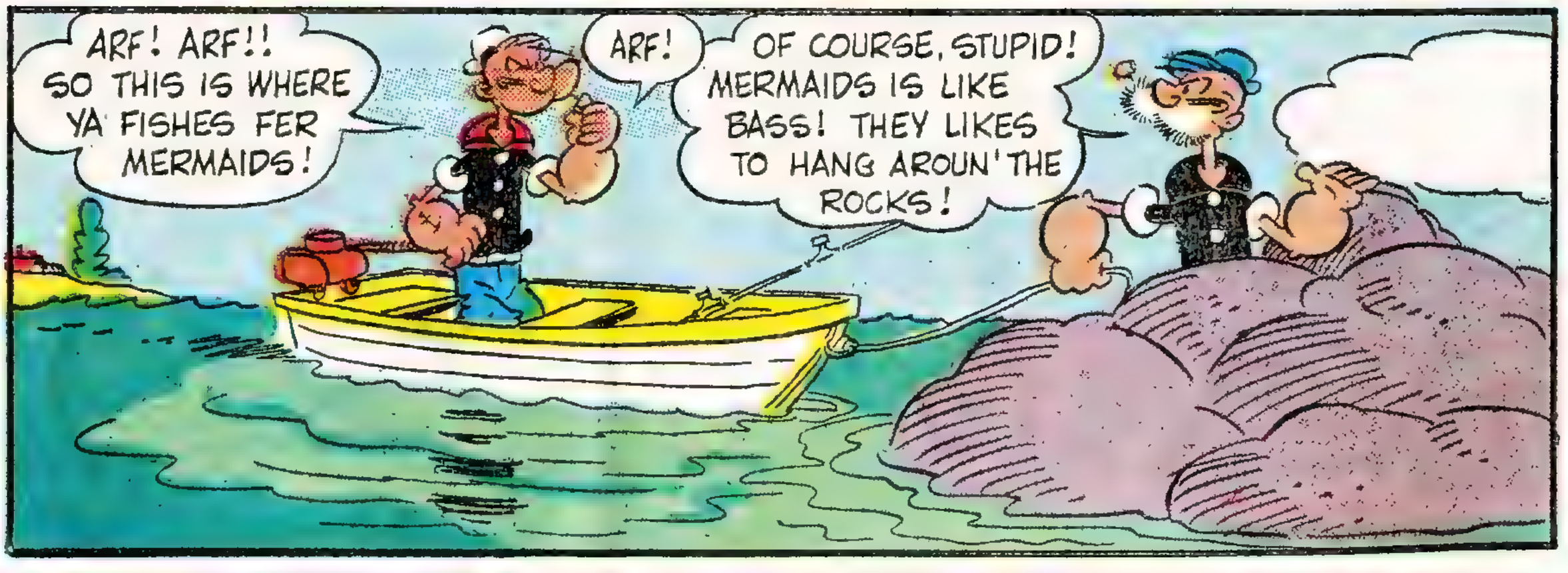

I WOULD LIKE TA BUY THE BIGGEST DIAMOND RING YA HAS IN'A STORE!
CERTAINLY, SIR!


NOW I WILL GO FISHIN'!


AHOY! PAPPY... WAIT FER ME!
?!


WHAT DOES YA WANT, SON?
I YAM GOIN' WIT' YA!


ARF! ARF! I WANTS TA SEE YA CATCH A MERMAID!
ARF! ARF!
PHOOEY!


ARF! ARF!! SO THIS IS WHERE YA FISHES FER MERMAIDS!
ARF!
OF COURSE, STUPID! MERMAIDS IS LIKE BASS! THEY LIKES TO HANG AROUN' THE ROCKS!

GORSH, PAPPY....YOU SURE GITS SOME CRAZY IDEAS! I YAM GLAD THEY IS ALL HARMLESS!

BAH!

BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHAT IS YA DOIN' WIT' THAT DIAMOND RING?

I YAM BAITIN' ME HOOK, STUPID!

A DIAMOND RING?

YEAH! WHAT WOULD YOU USE, CLAMS?

BUT---

SHUSH!! I THINKS I YAM GITTIN' A NIBBLE!

WHEEee!!

I HAS ONE!

WHAT THE HECK KIND OF FISH WOULD BITE ON A DIAMOND RING?

?

?

?

WHEEee!! ARF! ARF! IT IS A BEAUTY!

OH, MY GORSH?

I BET IT WILL GO A HUN'RED AN' TEN POUNDS!

?

?

I THINK I'LL STOP IN AND VISIT MY SAILOR BOY!

HE MUST GET LONESOME WITH JUST SWEE'PEA AND PAPPY!

LA-TRA-LA-DA!

THAT-THAT SOUNDS LIKE A WOMAN'S VOICE!

I'LL KILL HIM!!

OF ALL THE..!

AHOY, OLIVE! THIS IS A NICE SUSPRIZE!

I BET IT IS!

I WAS JUS' TELLIN' PAPPY THIS MORNIN' THAT YOU HADN'T BEEN OVER HERE FER A LONG TIME!

? ? ? ?

WE MEN NEED A WOMING AROUN' TO KEEP US IN LINE! WE NEEDS A DAME'S INFLUENCE IN OUR HOME!

GR-R!

WHERE IS SHE

BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE? WHAT IS YA TALKIN' ABOUT?

?

DON'T PLAY DUMB!! I HEARD HER! WHERE IS SHE?

BELIEVE ME!! THEY IS NOBODY IN THIS HOUSE BUT PAPPY AN' ME!

?

-ER-I GUESS I WAS HEARING THINGS!

?

I'M SORRY, POPEYE!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME OUT TO LUNCH?

'AT'S A SWELL IDEA, OLIVE!

DOES YA MIND WAITIN' A FEW MINUTES? I HASTA FEED THE FISH!

OF COURSE NOT!! GO AHEAD!

POPEYE'S SUCH A KIND MAN! I GUESS THAT'S WHY I LOVE HIM SO MUCH!

PHOOEY!! HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO SPRINKLE SOME FISH FOOD IN A TANK?

HE'S KEPT ME WAITING FOR ALMOST AN HOUR!

I YAM SORRY TO TAKE SO LONG, OLIVE, BUT THEY IS ONE FISH WHAT LIKES MASHED POTATOES WIT' ITS STEAK!

STEAK FOR FISH?

?

STEAK AND POTATOES FOR FISH?

?

FISH DON'T EAT THINGS LIKE THAT!

?

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON AROUND HERE!

POPEYE!! I WANT TO SEE YOUR FISH!!

YIKE!

?

GULP!!

?

?

BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE!?! HASN'T YA EVER SEEN A FISH EAT B'FORE?

?

THAT'S NO FISH!! THAT'S A WOMAN!

ARF! ARF!! YA DOESN'T KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT NATURAL HISTORY, DOES YA, OLIVE? THIS AIN'T NO DAME, THIS IS A MERMAID!

?

GET HER OUT OF THIS HOUSE!!

BUT, OLIVE!! ME PAPPY CAUGHT HER AN' SHE B'LONGS TO HIM!

HM?

HOW WOULD YOU AND YOUR FATHER LIKE TO COME TO MY HOUSE FOR DINNER TONIGHT? BRING YOUR MERMAID WITH YOU!

HUH?

?

THAT SOUNDS SWELL, OLIVE!

?

?

I'LL SHOW THAT SAILOR BOY!! I'LL GET RID OF THAT MERMAID!

IT WAS NICE OF OLIVE TO INVITE US OVER!

YEAH! FER A WHILE I THOUGHT SHE WAS JEALOUS OF YER MERMAID!

WHAT IS WE HAVIN', OLIVE?

'IT'S A SURPRISE!

OH, I LOVE SURPRISES!

I HOPE YOU'RE ALL HUNGRY!

BLOW ME DOWN!?!

?

YIKE! UNCLE HENRY!

TAKE ME OUT OF HERE!!

YOU'RE A BUNCH OF CANNIBALS!!

I WANT TO GO HOME!!

POOR UNCLE HENRY!

OH, WHAT A HORRIBLE WOMAN!

I WILL TOSS YA BACK IN'A SEA!

YA THINKS YER REAL SMART DOESN'T YA, OLIVE?

WHY, POPEYE.... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

TEE-HEE!

PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE

MY BOWLING SCORES HAVE BEEN ATROCIOUS LATELY! THAT STUPID BALL DOESN'T HIT ENOUGH PINS!

GRRR!

WORKSHOP OF THE GIANT BRAIN

GLUE

BESIDES, I KEEP STEPPING ON MY BEARD AND FALLING DOWN!

BUT I THINK I'VE GOT IT SOLVED!

HEH HEH!

THE O.G. WOTASNOZZLE "MORE-PINS" WATERMELON BALL!

FATHER

WHAT TH?!

KOFF!

HAK!

CHOKE!

GASP!

IT'S THE GREEN SMOG!

SAPPO IS COOKING AGAIN!

WHAT THAT MAN CAN DO TO PERFECTLY GOOD FOOD IS SUBVERSIVE!

HAK!

IF I WASN'T SO CHEAP, I'D EAT ELSEWHERE!

STRANGLE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SAPPO? FRICASSEEING OLD TIRES IN FISH GLUE?

HAVE THEY MOVED THE TOWN DUMP TO YOUR KITCHEN?

EF

YOU'RE ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT MY FOOD, BUT WHEN THE DINNER BELL RINGS YOU RUN OUT FROM UNDER YOUR BEARD GETTING TO THE TABLE!!

CHEF

THAT DOESN'T ALTER THE FACT THAT THE SMOG FROM YOUR COOKING IS MELTING MY TEST TUBES!!

GR-RRR!

HEF

(PHEW!!) IT'S ENOUGH TO PEEL THE PAPER FROM THE WALLS!

WHY, YOU...

CHEF

FLOP!

YOU SEE?

LISTEN, WOTASNOZZLE, IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY COOKING, WHY DON'T YOU FREE-LOAD ELSEWHERE?

CHEF

I PAY YOU FOR ROOM AND BOARD SO I **HAVE** TO EAT HERE, BUT **THEY** HAVE A CHOICE!

WELL?!

@#%!!

@#%!!

BRRRT

DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, SAPPO... IF YOU CAN'T COOK, YOU CAN ALWAYS FALL BACK ON FROZEN TV DINNERS.

GLOOM

IT'S NO USE—I KNOW WHEN I'VE HAD IT!!

SO LONG, OL' PAL—

M M M

CHEF

BAM!

SNIFF

R.I.P.

? !

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW, SAPPO?

?

!

YOU HATE MY COOKING!! DON'T BOTHER TO DENY IT— I CAN TELL!! SO FROM NOW ON WE EAT PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES 3 TIMES A DAY!

THIS IS A CALAMITY!

I CAN'T NOURISH MY GREAT BRAIN ON NOTHING BUT PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!

BESIDES, IT GETS STUCK IN MY BEARD!

I HAVE IT!! I'LL PUT IN A KITCHEN FAN TO BLOW THE SMOG OUTDOORS!

THEN I'LL BUY SAPPO A COOK-BOOK FOR BEGINNERS!

HAH!

HAK! CHOKE!

IF THE COOKING **ODORS** ARE THIS BAD, WHAT MUST THE **FOOD** BE LIKE?

IF THE FOOD HASN'T KILLED ME BY NOW, I MUST HAVE A STOMACH LIKE A BLAST FURNACE!

KOFF

I'M A HUMAN DISPOSE-ALL!

I'M GOING TO WILL MY STOMACH TO THE COPPER-REFINING INDUSTRY!

GASP! SNORT!

COME TO THINK OF IT—I MUST BE GOING OUT OF MY GIGANTIC MIND TO BE TALKING SAPPO INTO COOKING AGAIN!

CLICK

SANDWICHES MIGHT BE SAFER!

WELL, I'LL BE!!

THE **SMOG** MELTED THE FAN!

WELL—BACK TO THE OLD PEANUT BUTTER JAR!

NO, NO! NOT THE PEANUT BUTTER!! WAIT!! THE BARBECUE IN THE BACK YARD! YOU CAN COOK OUT THERE!

! ?

THERE! YOU SEE, SAPPO? THE SMOG GOES STRAIGHT UP AND BLOWS AWAY!

YEAH!

THIS IS FUN! AND IT SOLVES ALL OUR FOOD PROBLEMS!

YES, AND IN THE OPEN AIR YOUR FOOD EVEN TASTES BETTER!

CHEF

? ! ? ?

CHEF

CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP

I AM YOUR MAYOR, J.T. HASH...VOTE FOR J.T. HASH! YOU OWE THE TOWN $250,000 FOR DAMAGES DUE TO YOUR COOKING SMOG!

GRRRRRR

GRRR

GRRR

CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP

BILL

CONGRATULATIONS, SAPPO. YOU'VE INVENTED THE ULTIMATE WEAPON— YOUR COOKING SMOG WILL MAKE THE HYDROGEN BOMB AS OBSOLETE AS THROWING ROCKS!

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE